

HOW IT WAS BLOTTED OUT.

The following very interesting letter was read in one of the daily prayer meetings of New York, by a merchant of that city.

“MY DEAR BROTHER: You know that for many years I had been a follower of strange gods, and a lover of this world and its vanities. Although not what the world calls a bad man, I was self-righteous, and thought I had religion enough of my own that was better than the Bibie. I did not believe in the devil or hell. I believed that as God had created man, he was bound to save him. I knew I did not serve him, did not know him, did not obey him. Prayer was forgotten, church was neglected, and worldly morality was the tree which brought forth its own deceptive fruit.

As time rolled on, God blessed me with children. As my boy grew up, our mutual love for him made us anxious about his welfare and future career. From time to time intelligence beamed from him. His mind turned over the little he had learned of God, and his nightly prayers, taught him by us, from habit and superstition, more than any conscientious feelings. His questions often puzzled me; and the sweet and earnest manner in which he inquired of his poor, sinful father to know more about his heavenly Father, and that ‘happy land, far, far away,’ which his nurse had taught him, proved to me that God had given me a great blessing in him.

“A greater distrust of myself and a greater sense of my inability to assure my boy of the truth of the faith contained in the simple little prayers I had learned from my mother, with my brothers and sisters, gradually began to grow over me, and made me oftener think. Still, I never went to church; had not even a Bible in the house. What was I to teach my boy,

Christ and him crucified, or the doctrines I had tried to believe? Blessed be God, he, in his sovereign will, chose for me!

“One of his little friends died, then another, then his uncle. All these made an impression on the boy. He rebelled against it; wanted to know ‘why God had done it?—It was hard that God should just go and take his friends; he wished he would not do it.’ I, of course, had to explain the best I could.

“One evening he was lying on the bed, partly undressed; myself and my wife being seated by the fire. She had been telling me that T—— had not been a good boy that day. She had been telling what he had been doing, and had reproved him for it. All was quiet; when, suddenly, he broke out in a loud crying and sobbing, which surprised us. I went to him and asked him what was the matter?

“‘I don’t want it there, father; I don’t want it there,’ said the child.

“‘What, my child, what is it?’

“‘Why, father, I don’t want the angels to write down in God’s book all the bad things I have done to-day. I don’t want it there. I wish it could be wiped out.’ And his distress increased. What could I do? I did not believe; but yet I had been taught the way. I had to console him, so I said:—

“‘Well, you need not cry; you can have it all wiped out in a minute, if you want.’

“‘How, father, how?’

“‘Why, get down on your knees, and ask God, for Christ’s sake, to wipe it out, and he will do it.’

“I did not have to speak twice. He jumped out of bed, saying,

“‘Father, won’t you come and help me?’

“Now came the trial. The boy’s distress was so great, and he plead so earnestly, that the big man, who

had never bowed down before God in spirit and in truth, got down on his knees alongside of that dear boy, and asked God to wipe away his sins; and, perhaps, though my lips did not speak it, my heart included my own sins too. We then got up, and he lay down in his bed again. In a few moments he said:—

“‘Father, are you sure it is all wiped out?’

“Oh! how the acknowledgment grated through my unbelieving heart, as the words came to my mouth,

“‘Why, yes, my son; the Bible says, if you ask God, from your heart, for Christ’s sake, to do it, and if you are really sorry for what you have done, it shall be all blotted out.’

“A smile of pleasure passed over his face, as he quietly asked,

“‘What did the angel blot it out with? With a sponge?’

“Again was my whole soul stirred within me, as I answered,

“‘No, but with the precious blood of Christ. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.’

“The fountains had at last burst forth. They could not be checked, and my cold heart was melted within me. I felt like a poor, guilty sinner, and turning away, said,

“‘My dear wife, *we* must first find God, if we want to show him to our children. We can not show them the way unless we know it ourselves.’

“After a little, the boy, with almost heaven looking out of his eye, came from his bed, and, leaning on my knee, turned up his face to mine, and said,

“‘Father, are you and mother sinners?’

“‘Why, yes, my son, we are.’

“‘Why,’ said he, ‘have you not a Saviour? Why are you sinners? God don’t love sinners; why don’t you love God?’

"I answered as best I could. And in the silent hours of the night I bent in prayer over that dear boy, and prayed, 'Lord, I believe, help mine unbelief.' My wife, too, united with me, and we prayed jointly for ourselves and our child. And God heard our prayers, and received us, as he always does those who seek him with a whole heart, for he has said unto such, 'they shall surely find me.'"

Such was the letter. Dear reader, how is it with you? Have *your* sins been blotted out in the precious blood of Jesus? This, with you, as with the little child here mentioned, is your great want. You may be moral or immoral; you may be a believer or an unbeliever; Protestant or Catholic; a professing Christian or a non-professor, but you are, in either case, a *sinner*, and you can not go to heaven till your sin is blotted out. Has this been done for you?

There is *but one way* in which it can be effected. Even that infidel father knew this. Not by the blood of bulls and goats, not by works of righteousness which we have done; not by masses or penances, by tears or by prayers, but by "the precious blood of the Son of God, as of a lamb without spot or blemish."—"There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12.

Why *should it remain* unblotted out? That cleansing blood is free, it is abundant, it is offered to *you*. Why do you not accept it? Oh, hear the tender pleading of this dear child with his father and mother, and let it come to you: "*Why* have you not a Saviour? *Why* are you sinners? God don't love sinners; *why* don't you love God?"